

The Howard Collector

Autumn 1962



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

West is West from *The Tattler*, December 22, 1922.

Letter, (E. Hoffmann Price) from *The Acolyte*, Winter 1945.

Surrender from *The Junco*, August 1929.

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Volume 1, Number 3

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Arkham House has announced, for publication in Fall 1963, a collection of previously uncollected Howard weird stories under the title of **THE DARK MAN AND OTHERS**. Contents have not been set as yet.

Tevis Clyde Smith's poem, "Pristine", was written around 1930; it has not been published previously. "West is West" appeared in The Tattler, a paper issued by the senior students of Brownwood (Texas) High School. Howard attended that school in 1922-23 as the eleventh grade was not then offered at Cross Plains. An associate editor of The Tattler was C.S. Boyles, who writes westerns under the name Will C. Brown.

Information is needed on the whereabouts of two Howard stories: "The Valley of the Lost", announced in the last issue of Strange Tales, and "Sailor Dorgan and the Jade Monkey", announced in the last issue of Magic Carpet under the Patrick Ervin pen name. "The Valley of the Lost" was in the possession of the agent about ten years ago, according to the Foreword to **KING CONAN**.

"Pigeons From Hell" was re-telecast on Thriller on May 21.

Discerning readers will note some changes in the format of this issue; this is due to a change in printers. The print order has been reduced to one hundred and fifty copies with this issue.

WEST IS WEST

BY ROBERT E. HOWARD

"Get me," I told the foreman of the ranch where I was spending my vacation, "a tame and peaceful bronc for I would fain fare forth among the hills to pursue the elusive bovine and, as thou knowest I have naught of riding skill, therefore I wish a quiet steed and if it be aged I care not."

The foreman gazed at me thoughtfully.

"I have just the cayuse for you," he said.

"Hi Alkali! Bring forth Whirlwind!"

"Nay, nay!" I said hastily, "for doubtless he is a veritable whirlwind and such I will not mount."

"Not so," quoth the foreman, "he is named thus in delicate sarcasm for he is as lazy as a tender-foot and as gentle as a kitten."

Alkali led the horse out; Utah Jack, the top hand, Two Gun Ghallihan, and all the rest of the disreputable gang following. The steed was a shabby, sleepy, mild appearing buckskin of no great size. He dozed as he stood and slumbered as I saddled him.

The saddle was a high, double-rigged affair with a bulging fork and before I swung into it, the foreman tied a coiled lariat to it. Then, solemnly

he buckled about my waist a belt from which swung a long, black holster in which reposed a single action Colt .44.

"For rattlers," he explained, solemnly.

I mounted. My noble steed stood still, slumbering. I invited him to go forward. He remained stationary. I touched him tentatively with my spurs. He turned his head and gazed at me strangely. Indignant I jabbed him viciously with the spurs at the same time using words.

That brought results! I thought at first that a cyclone had hit me but it was only the kittenish pranks of my gallant charger. He bucked. He pitched. He sun-fished. He swapped ends. He rose on his hind legs and danced. He stood on his front legs and capered. He placed his hind and fore feet together and spun around and around with such rapidity that I was dizzy. He leaped high in the air and came down stiff-legged with a force that jolted my very intellect. He seemed to be changing the whole landscape.

How did I stay on? There was a reason. Not my fault that I stayed on. I wanted off as bad as he wanted me off. I felt as if all my bones were falling apart. I could scarcely hear the delighted yells of the cowpunchers. Yet I stayed. Even when my steed dashed at full speed under a tree limb which just cleared the saddle horn. I remained but the branch

did not. I remained even when my frolicsome charger laid down and rolled on the ground in spite of my protesting screams. He arose and began to do some entirely new tricks when something snapped. It was the two girths breaking simultaneously. I described a parabola and landed on my head some twenty yards away with the heavy saddle on top of me. My erstwhile steed emitted a paean of victory, danced a scalp-dance on my prostrate frame and galloped away over the horizon.

"General Jackson fit the Injuns!" remarked the foreman as he helped me up. "You're the ridin'est critter I ever see. They ain't another guy on the ranch that coulda stayed on Whirlwind that long."

Shaking off his hand, I staggered up and drew the gun he had given me. "For rattlers!" I gasped and if he hadn't fled and I hadn't missed and the gun hadn't been loaded with blanks anyway, I'd have massacred him.

But what I did not tell him was that my gun belt got hung over the saddle horn and the lasso came loose and tangled me up so I was tied to the saddle and couldn't get off to save my life till the saddle came too.

LETTER:

E. HOFFMAN PRICE to
H. P. LOVECRAFT, dated June 25, 1936

Last page your letter hit me between the eyes. I don't know what to say. Incredible about Howard. On June third he wrote me post card reporting prodigious bale of sales, for cash, to Argosy, Top-Notch and Action Stories, in each case with an order for a series.

Can you authenticate the story? It seems so damn outrageous I can't believe it. Or is that because I don't want to believe it -- just like hearing of Whitehead's death left me a bit numb, so I had to tell myself over and over that he really was dead, and wouldn't write the letter he promised in that last postal card -- ye gods, what sinister fatality is there in postal cards?

To hell with the blow to literature and/or fiction. I laugh that off. You see, I had twice halted my caravan at his door, and the loss of the man is so damned incomparably greater than the loss to anything as stupid as literature that I can hardly hold the two ideas in my mind simultaneously. Maybe, later, I'll acquire the mental agility.

I appreciate your nomination for writing the obituary. Right now, I don't know what to say. Per-

haps it might be easier for those who never met him at all. A complex and baffling personality one can't -- couldn't -- get all at once. An overgrown boy -- a brooding anachronism -- a scholar -- a gripping, compelling writer -- a naive boy scout -- a man of great emotional depth, yet strangely self-conscious of many emotional phases which he unjustly claimed he could never put into writing fiction -- a burly, broad faced, not unduly shrewd looking fellow at first glance -- a courtly, gracious, kindly, hospitable person -- a hearty, rollicking, gusty, spacious personality loving tales and deeds that reeked of sweat and dust and dung of horses and sheep and camels -- a blustering, boyish, extravagantly-spoken boy who made up whopping stories about the country and people and himself, not to deceive or fool you, but because he loved the sweep of the words and knew you liked to hear him hold forth -- a fanciful, sensitive, imaginative soul, hidden in that big bluff hulk. A man of strange, whimsical, bitter and utterly illogical resentments and hatreds and enmities and grudges -- hell -- I can't begin to tell you what a man this Howard was. Not a thing I have said, understand, is really true -- merely as true as I can make it in my bungling attempt to describe so many facets.

I'm baffled. Describing Howard is like trying to tell you, in words written or spoken, the differ-

ence between rye whiskey and bourbon whiskey -- only infinitely more difficult. Rye whiskey of course has the flavor of rye -- but what does that mean to a man who perchance has never tasted rye in distillation? I can describe it only in terms of itself -- and Howard only in terms of Howard. If you met Howard, I can not add; if you did not, I can not start. And the Howard I met may be a different Howard from the one you might have met had you enjoyed my opportunities.

Right now, I feel sort of clubbed on the head. I asked Mashburn to let me monopolize your letter, in that your remarks were esoteric retorts to long bandied jests and "conversations" so that it would be to a degree unintelligible to him. So I read. We had just spoken of Howard, oddly enough. Then this --

His best works, for the past seven years, did not appear in W. T., but in non-fantastic fields. His earlier weird yarns, plus his "rational" stories of modern times, Texas characters, were the cream; his Conan series were really the dregs of his talent, not the tops.

That obituary -- hell, I don't know what I could write. A lot of silly sounding drool -- my effort to say what I found when I went to Cross Plains. How I drove to the "Accursed Mountain" with him. How I went from village to village listening to local lore

of mighty slayings, maimings, battles. How he found me an oil driller in operation, presented me to the old Pennsylvania Dutchman, who courteously explained all the finess of a "Ft Worth spudder" as compared with other drilling tools. And how Howard, after we left, seriously told me that if the Dutchman had omitted one trivial detail or held out one fine point, he, Two Gun, would go back and maul him to a pulp with his bare hands, just as a lesson and a warning that visiting dignitaries were not to be slighted. How he would from time to time draw his Colt Automatic from the side pocket of his car as he approached locales where his "enemies" might be lurking -- how he gravely and seriously queried me as to my enemies. And so on -- a man of such dazzling whims and humors and fancies, profound, naive, philosophic, boyish -- aw, hell -- how would a heap of suchlike drool look in print? How we led the Sacred Cow to pasture --how he had a sense, deeply and unwarrantably ingrown, of his own unworthiness and ineptitude as a writer. How the town despised him as a loafer and varmint and freak, and how it pleased him to have "nationally known" writers visit him, so that "these G-- D--- x--ng x--ng" yokels of Cross Plains will know I at least have friends who amount to something in this writing business, even if I don't." And he'd write me, "My stock went up a good many points since I

showed you around town -- " Too sincere and hearty to say such things as a "compliment" to a guest; just his incomprehensible and utterly unwarranted self deprecation beyond any traditions of "modesty". Nor was it as a crude bait to "fish" for a compliment to assure him he was quite a great fellow. He was so damn simple and hearty, sincere; so devoid of any cheap tricks of that sort that in piecing together those trifling remarks, I can only conclude that it was neither flattery to a guest, nor "fishing" for a compliment, but an humility and sense of inferiority that no one shared with him. So -- and I cut this short -- how the hell can I write about the man without, through my crudeness of expression and ineptitude of example and interpretation, doing him injustice, making him seem odd, freakish, uncouth -- instead of just unique; a person unlike any other? Doubtless he WAS freakish, uncouth, provincial in some aspects -- when viewed by an UNSYMPATHETIC PERSON -- but the man himself had so many diverse aspects that no one, no two, no twenty facets can possibly "characterize" him. Perhaps I liked him well enough to see all these many facets -- liked him, so that I joined him in his freaks and whims rather than viewing them from a detached angle. I can't "interpret" him. Howard was a unit -- remove any one facet, and you no longer have Howard, the man of dizzying contra-

dictions. And now my great grief is that en route from Mexico to California I "didn't have time" to detour and spend another day with him -- I visited him, you know, en route from California to Mexico. But I didn't anticipate this. And it leaves me feeling sort of amputated, bludgeoned, robbed, or something. And what the hell can I write? I did appreciate his writings, deeply and heartily, and often wrote him to that effect. I was deeply grateful for his encouragement when I went into the fiction writing business in 1932, and often told him so. Our first correspondence arose of our having simultaneously written the editor of W. T. a fan letter, each about the other's story -- neither suspecting that the other was doing the same.

That hearty, gusty, salty, high invective and prodigious oaths with which he garnished the higher moments of our conversations, when we savagely assailed some of the more effeminate and less virile seeming members of the writing tribe and their foibles. An intolerant, rabid, extreme sort of fellow, Howard, with mighty likes and dislikes -- whether reasonable or not, makes no difference.

And that hospitality and cordiality and brotherliness of the reception one gets -- though if one were disliked, I fancy one would be greeted with great blocks of cord wood hurled at one's chin, would be mightily kicked in the stomach, dragged

through fresh dung newly dropped by Delhi, the Brahma-Jersey cow, keel hauled, and hurled into a cactus patch!

All of these impressions, reminiscences, pictures, recollections of the Howard personality would sound a bit odd in print, would they not? But I can't write his obituary in any other vein than his own -- gusty, profane, sweaty, vulgar, boisterous, whimsical, gargantuan, fanciful, exaggerated --

And one of the best things he ever wrote appeared under the name of "Sam Walser" in Spicy Adventures, a bawdy yarn of high hearted breeziness, saltiness, which -- oddly enough -- was utterly free of the forced cheap smut that characterizes the book.

Maybe that last bit gives you another angle on that complex Howard I'll never again try to outdo in prodigious oaths and extravagant invective and more extravagant conceits.

Now, write all that into the Eyrie? What he wrote was a joy that lingers, and I have many a time re-read many of his tales -- but what he wrote was so god damn insignificant compared to the man himself that I can't be bothered with any appreciations of his writings.

In fact, I feel very much robbed, and I can't waste any emotions on the loss to "literature" -- I'm too god damn concerned with how beastly dreary

it will be the next time I cross 1100 miles of Texas without swilling mighty flagons of beer and butter-milk with Bob Howard.

If you have any hints on how to write it, how I ought to write, what I ought to write, how to say my say without becoming stereotyped, and yet saying it in a way that an editor could put into print -- sound off, and I'll welcome it. And is there any chance that the rumor may be incorrect? I'd hate to waste an obituary like this unpublishable one of today, on any living man.



PRISTINE

(TO BOB HOWARD)

BY TEVIS CLYDE SMITH

It was a dawn uncounted years ago
That you, a shaggy-coated half-beast man,
Rose from your bed and slew a frightened doe,
Then slung the carcass 'cross your back and ran
With nimble footed swiftness toward a pool,
And on your haunches, by the waters cool,
Ate of your kill, and watched the white stream flow.

And then, you clambered up a mountain crown;
The world below you lay: you madly tore
A sapling from the earth, and flung it down,
Then shook the peaceful valley with a roar --
You could not understand life even then:
You beat your breast, and cursed at savage men,
And glared upon your half-world with a frown.

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SURRENDER

BY ROBERT E. HOWARD

I will rise some day when the day is done
And the stars begin to quiver;
I will follow the road of the setting sun
Till I come to a dreaming river.

I am weary now of the word and vow
Of the winds and the winter weather;
I'll reel through a few more years somehow,
Then I'll quit them altogether.

I'll go to a girl that once I knew
And I will not swerve or err,
And I care not if she be false or true
For I am not true to her.

Her eyes are fierce and her skin is brown
And her wild blood hotly races,
But it's little I care if she does not frown
At any man's embraces.

Should I ask for a love none may invade?
Is she more or less than human?
Do I ask for more, who have betrayed
Man, devil, god and woman?

Enough for me if she has for me
A bamboo hut she'll share,
And enough tequilla to set me free
From the ghosts that leer and stare.

I'll lie all day in sodden sleep
Through days without name or number,
With only the wind in the sky's blue deep
To haunt my unshaken slumber.

And I'll lie by night in the star-roofed hut
Forgetful and quiet hearted,
Till she comes with her burning eyes half shut
And her red lips hot and parted.

The past is flown when the cup is full,
And there is no chain for linking
And any woman is beautiful
When a man is blind with drinking.

Life is a lie that cuts like a knife
With its sorrows and fading blisses;
I'll go to a girl who asks naught of life
Save wine and a drunkard's kisses.

No man shall know my race or name,
Or my past sun-ripe or rotten,
Till I travel the road by which I came,
Forgetting and soon forgotten.



LETTER:

ROBERT E. HOWARD TO HAROLD PREECE,

Received October 20, 1928

Salaam:

Your stationery is alright. How is the university? Frankly, I know very little about the school and the little I do know is bad, but I'm prejudiced against all colleges - to Hell with them.

The American Legion - gah! They're supposed to be running the fight club here and won't put on a decent show; been expecting me to rustle some good hard slugging boys who'll fight for little or nothing. I worked up a good grudge bout between two boxers who hated each other, but it fell through and I'm done with the damned business. I was going to San Antonio to the convention, mainly because Sammy Baker was supposed to fight there, but I didn't make it. I wish to Hell I had; I'd have liked to have been there.

About O. Henry and the ostrich feather business - I can't work up much resentment against a girl who's that childish - too much like the action of a little kid who isn't responsible for her thoughts.

"The King of Kings" gripped me. I thought it was powerful, though I think Joseph Schildkraut ran away with the picture as Judas. And William Boyd, that fellow is the most human actor in the world. H. B. Warner lacked fire of course, but I don't know who else could have done even as good as he did. . .

I'm not going to vote. I won't vote for a Catholic and I won't vote for a damned Republican. Maybe I've said that before. My ancestors were all Catholic and not very far back. And I have reason to hate the church.

About Atlantis - I believe something of the sort existed, though I do not especially hold any theory about a high type of civilization existing there - in fact, I doubt that. But some continent was submerged away back, or some large body of land, for practically all peoples have legends about a flood. And the Cro Magnons appeared suddenly in Europe, developed to a high stage of primitive culture; there is no trace to show that they came up the ladder of utter barbarism in Europe. Suddenly their remains are found supplanting the Neanderthal Man, to whom they have no ties of kinship whatever. Where did they originate? Nowhere in the known world, evidently. They must have originated and developed through the different basic stages of evolution in some land which is not now known to us.

The occultists say that we are the fifth - I be-

lieve - great sub-race. Two unknown and unnamed races came, then the Lemurians, then the Atlanteans, then we. They say the Atlanteans were highly developed. I doubt it. I think they were simply the ancestors of the Cro Magnon man, who by some chance, escaped the fate which overtook the rest of the tribes.

All my views on the matter I included in a long letter to the editor to whom I sold a tale entitled "The Shadow Kingdom", which I expect will be published as a foreword to that story - if ever. This tale I wove about a mythical antediluvian empire, a contemporary of Atlantis.

I wish I had money - I'd take several courses in anthropology and the various phases of antiquity, and spend the rest of my life exploring ruins in out-of-the-way corners of the globe. The future of the race interests me little; the present but a little more; the past, greatly. An occultist of my acquaintance, who has gone deeper in the matter than any man I ever knew, says I have a very ancient soul, am a reincarnated Atlantean, in fact! Maybe if there's anything to this soul business, or to reincarnation, that theory is maybe right. Sure I live in the dust of the past and my dreams are seldom of present or future, but I am ever treading roads of the dim ages and strange are some of the figures whom I meet and strange the shapes who stare at

me.

I feel a curious kinship, though, with the Middle Ages. I have been more successful in selling tales laid in that period of time, than in any other. Truth it was an epoch for strange writers. Witches and werewolves, alchemists and necromancers, haunted the brains of those strange savage people, barbaric children that they were, and the only thing which was never believed was the truth. Those sons of the old pagan tribes were wrought upon by priest and monk, and they brought all their demons from their mythology and accepted all the demons of the new creed also, turning their old gods into devils. The slight knowledge which filtered through the monasteries from the ancient sources of decayed Greece and fallen Rome, was so distorted and perverted that by the time it reached the people, it resembled some monstrous legend. And these vague minded savages further garbed it in heathen garments. Oh, a brave time, by Satan! Any smooth rogue could swindle his way through life, as he can today, but then there was pageantry and high illusion and vanity, and the beloved tinsel of glory without which life is not worth living.

Oh, the gauds and the baubles and the frills and the tinsel! All empty show and the smoke of conceit and arrogance, but what a drab thing life would be without them. Hell, man can long for a world of

working men all they wish - for a world of common sense and reason - I like the gilt and the silver bells, even if they can never be mine. The cap and wand of the jester, and the blare of the golden trumpets!

Hell, it's all a game, and let us be children and clap our hands when the gallant cavalcade wings by, and not look for the rust on the spears and the stains on the banners - not all the time, at least. I hate the devotees of great wealth but I enjoy seeing the splendor that wealth can buy. And if I were wealthy, I'd live in a palace with marble walls and marble floors, lapis lazulis ceilings and cloth-of-gold and I would have silver fountains in the courts, flinging an everlasting sheen of sparkling water in the air. Soft low music should breathe forever through the rooms and slim tigerish girls should glide through on softly falling feet, serving all the wants of me and my guests; girls with white bare limbs and rose-fragrant breasts, with dark silky hair and burning eyes, or with tresses like molten gold and soft dreamy eyes.

Oh Hell, may I always be able to laugh at myself. Self mockery is a good wine to drink sometimes. Satan blast my soul. You'll have to pardon all this rambling. I had nothing to say when I started. Answer soon.

INDEXES

The Cross Plains Review, Coleman Democrat-Voice and Brownwood Bulletin are all weekly Texas newspapers. Texaco Star is a company organ of Texaco; Frontier Times, revived a few years back, is a magazine of western Americana. The original of that title was published in Bandera, Texas.

The letters are indexed by correspondent. Letters in various letter sections of magazines like Weird Tales, Oriental Stories and others, are not included.

The character-continuity series index lists all characters that I considered a/the main character in more than one story. The Dennis Dorgan story is listed because this character is identical to Sailor Steve Costigan; also there are a number of unpublished stories in this series. No information is given on unpublished stories as little is currently available. In a few instances an indexed character is briefly mentioned in an unlisted story. When a story has had more than one title, the alternate title is given in parentheses.

ARTICLES

PUBLISHED

Ghost of Camp Colorado, The

Texaco Star, April 1931

Frontier Times, June 1931

Coleman Democrat-Voice, September 27, 1934

UNPUBLISHED

Kelly, the Conjure-Man

SKETCHES

PUBLISHED

Midnight

THE HOWARD COLLECTOR (a), Summer 1961

Untitled Fragment, An

(subject is an oriental bazaar or souk)

Amra (aj), November 1959

With a Set of Rattlesnake Rattles

Leaves (aj), Summer 1937

THE HOWARD COLLECTOR (aj), Summer 1961

UNPUBLISHED

Ambition in the Moonlight

Etched in Ebony

Galveston Affair, The

Man

More Evidence of the Innate Divinity of Man

Musings

Sentiment

Them

To a Man Whose Name I Never Knew

MISCELLANEOUS

PUBLISHED

Hyborian Age, The

(a fictitious history)

The Phantagraph (aj), February, August,
October-November 1936 (publication not
completed)

THE HYBORIAN AGE (booklet), LANY Coop -
erative Publications, Los Angeles, 1938

SKULL-FACE AND OTHERS, Arkham House,
Sauk City, Wisconsin, 1946

Some People Who Have Had Influence Over Me

(a high school theme)

The Ghost (aj), May 1945

Wandering Years, The

(a family history, apparently not completed)

The Ghost (aj), May 1945

What the Nation Owes the South

(a high school theme)

Brownwood Bulletin, May 26, 1923

The Cross Plains Review, August 14, 1936

UNPUBLISHED

Surrender -- Your Money or Your Vice
(movie reviews)

LETTERS

P. SCHUYLER MILLER

Dated March 10, 1936

THE COMING OF CONAN, Gnome Press, New
York, 1953

HAROLD PREECE

No date

THE HOWARD COLLECTOR (aj), Spring 1962
Received October 20, 1928

THE HOWARD COLLECTOR (aj), Autumn 1962

E. HOFFMAN PRICE

Dated February 15, 1936

The Ghost (aj), May 1945

Dated April 21, 1936

The Ghost (aj), May 1945

Dated June 3, 1936

(postal card)

The Ghost (aj), May 1945

FARNSWORTH WRIGHT

Circa 1931

The Ghost (aj), May 1945

CHARACTER-CONTINUITY SERIES

BRAN MAK MORN

Kings of the Night
Worms of the Earth

BRECKENRIDGE ELKINS

Apache Mountain War, The
Conquerin' Hero of the Humboldts, The
Cupid From Bear Creek
Evil Deeds at Red Cougar
Feud Buster, The
Gent From Bear Creek, A
Guns of the Mountain
Haunted Mountain, The
High Horse Rampage
Meet Cap'n Kidd
Mountain Man
"No Cowherders Wanted"
Pilgrims to the Pecos
Pistol Politics
Riot at Cougar Paw

BRECKENRIDGE ELKINS (Continued)

Road to Bear Creek, The
Scalp Hunter, The
Sharp's Gun Serenade (Educate or Bust)
Striped Shirts and Busted Hearts
War on Bear Creek
When Bear Creek Came to Chawed Ear
While Smoke Rolled

BRULE, THE SPEAR-SLAYER

Mirrors of Tuzun Thune, The
Shadow Kingdom, The

BUCKNER J. GRIMES

Knife-River Prodigal
Man-Eating Jeopard, A

CONAN THE CIMMERIAN

Beyond the Black River
Black Colossus
Black Stranger, The (The Treasure of Trancos)
Blood-Stained God, The
Devil in Iron, The
Flame-Knife, The
Frost-Giant's Daughter, The
God in the Bowl, The
Hawks Over Shem

CONAN THE CIMMERIAN (Continued)

Hour of the Dragon, The

(Conan the Conqueror)

Jewels of Gwahlur

People of the Black Circle, The

Phoenix on the Sword, The

Pool of the Black One, The

Queen of the Black Coast

Red Nails

Road of the Eagles, The

(rewritten version) (Conan, Man of Destiny)

Rogues in the House

Scarlet Citadel, The

Shadows in the Moonlight

(Iron Shadows in the Moon)

Shadows In Zamboula

Slithering Shadow, The

Tower of the Elephant, The

Witch Shall Be Born, A

CORMAC FITZGEOFFREY

Blood of Belshazzar, The

Hawks of Outremer

DE MONTOUR

In the Forest of Villefere

Wolfshead

FRANCIS X. GORDON, EL BORAK

Blood of the Gods
Country of the Knife, The
Daughter of Erlik Khan, The
Hawk of the Hills
Son of the White Wolf

KID ALLISON

College Socks
Good Knight, The
Man With the Mystery Mitts

KING KULL

King and the Oak, The (verse)
Kings of the Night
Mirrors of Tuzun Thune, The
Shadow Kingdom, The

KIRBY O'DONNELL

Swords of Shahrazar
Treasures of Tartary, The

PIKE BEARFIELD

Gent From the Pecos
 (Shave That Hawg!)
Gents on the Lynch
Riot at Bucksnot, The

SAILOR STEVE COSTIGAN

Alleys of Peril
Blow the Chinks Down
Breed of Battle
Bulldog Breed
Champ of the Forecastle
Circus Fists
Dark Shanghai
Fist and Fang
General Ironfist
Night of Battle
Pit of the Serpent, The
Sailor's Grudge
Sign of the Snake, The
Slugger's Game, The
Sluggers of the Beach
Texas Fists
TNT Punch, The
Vikings of the Gloves
Waterfront Fists
 (Stand Up and Slug!)
Winner Take All

SOLOMON KANE

Footfalls Within, The
Hills of the Dead, The
Moon of Skulls, The
One Black Stain, The (verse)
Rattle of Bones
Red Shadows
Skulls in the Stars
Solomon Kane's Homecoming (verse)
Wings in the Night

STEVE HARRISON

Fangs of Gold
(People of the Serpent)
Graveyard Rats
Names in the Black Book

TURLOUGH O'BRIEN & ATHELSTANE THE DANE

Dark Man, The
Gods of Bal-Sagoth, The
(The Blonde Goddess of Bal-Sagoth)

WILD BILL CLANTON

Desert Blood
Dragon of Kao Tsu, The
Murderer's Grog
Purple Heart of Erlik, The
She Devil

ADDENDA: FICTION INDEX

ROBERT E. HOWARD

"Golden Hope" Christmas

The Tattler (aj), December 22, 1922

Grey God Passes, The

DARK MIND, DARK HEART, edited by August
Derleth, Arkham House, Sauk City, Wis-
consin, 1962.

Haunted Mountain, The - AGFBC

Action Stories, February 1935

Riot at Cougar Paw, The

Action Stories, October 1935

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never finished writing the story.)

ERRATA: FICTION INDEX

Page 30, line 17: for Action Stories, May 1931,
read Fight Stories, May 1931.

All fled — all done, so lift me on the pyre;
The Feast is over and the lamps expire.

